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MEMORIES

OF THE

INDIANS AND PIONEERS

OF THE

REGION OF LOWELL.

BY CHARLES COWLEY.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
—*Gray's Elegy.*

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The following pages contain the substance of an address delivered several times by Mr. Cowley, before different local societies in Lowell, and now published in compliance with the request of those who heard it, and in the belief that the history of the Indians and Pioneers of Lowell can never be barren of interest to those who tread the dust in which "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

INDIAN AND PIONEER MEMORIES.

When the Merrimack River was discovered by the Sieur de Champlain,* in the year 1605, the spot where Lowell now stands, was a principal rendezvous of the Pawtucket or Pennacook Indians. This tribe, or confederation of tribes, was among the foremost in New England, and numbered several thousand souls. The territory of this confederacy stretched almost from the Penobscot to the Connecticut, embracing the whole of New Hampshire, a part of Massachusetts, and a part of Maine. The tribes, or sub-tribes, composing this confederacy, lived, when at home, in separate villages, under their several local chiefs. Every good fishing-ground was the site of one of these villages, the population of which ranged from fifty to three hundred souls. This place, however, attracted a more numerous population. It was no unusual spectacle to see thousands of the dusky sons and daughters of the forest encamped here in the season of spring, catching, with rude stratagem, their winter's store of fish. Aside from this periodical confluence of Indians, this region contained two or more villages of more permanent inhabitants—one at Pawtucket Falls, and another at Massick or Wamesit Falls.

LOWELL IN INDIAN TIMES.

This territory, indeed, offered as many attractions to the lords of the forest as Lowell now presents to the lords of the loom. Its alluvial soil possessed sufficient fertility to yield excellent crops of Indian corn. The hunting-grounds round about it abounded with game. The rivers swarmed with many varieties of fish. Sturgeon, salmon, shad and alewives were caught in their season by canoe-loads. Next to the Falls of Amoskeag, the Falls of Pawtucket were the most noted for fishing facilities on the Merrimack River. The centrality and accessibility of its geographical position also added much to the importance of the place. The upper Merrimack and the Musketaquid or Concord, communicated with a vast region of the interior; while the lower Merrimack afforded a safe and convenient channel to the seaboard. Here, then, were Indian councils held; here were the wise wont to counsel, and the eloquent to persuade; and such decorum was observed by these braves and sages as would do honor to the British or the American Senate. "Here was the war-whoop sounded, and the death-song sung; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace."

It would be foreign to my purpose to consider whether the Pawtuckets and their cognate tribes descended from the Scandinavians, the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Hindoos, the Scythians, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Islanders of the Pacific, the tribes dispersed after the building of Babel, or the ten lost tribes of Israel. It would be equally foreign to my purpose to trace the relationship between the Indians of the Merrimack Valley and the builders of the mounds of the West, the architects of the temples of Mexico, the carvers of the hieroglyphs of Peru, and the founders of the buried cities of Yucatan. Nor would it accord with my present plan to describe their wigwams, their canoes, their utensils of wood, bark, stone and clay; their curious implements, carved out of turtle-shells, clam-shells and bones; their primitive modes of cooking, hunting, fowling, fishing and farming; their belts of

* *Les Voyages du Sieur de Champlain en la Nouvelle France Occidentale*, edition of 1632, p. 80.

wampum-money; their gewgaw-ornaments, ingeniously formed from the bones and shells of fishes, the claws and horns of beasts, and the feathers of birds. But a few words upon their social usages, their government, their polygamy and their polytheism, will not be out of place.

Though destitute of many of those noble relationships which soften the heart and sweeten the intercourse of life, the Indians held all the social and private virtues in equal esteem with us. Their hospitality was unbounded. It was the custom of the Indians in the interior to visit their seaboard allies every summer; and on these occasions, as Hubbard relates, "they used like good fellows to make all common;" the hospitalities thus received being duly reciprocated on other occasions when the seaboard Indians visited their interior friends. Firm alike in their attachments and resentments, they never forgot a friend and never forgave a foe; yet Gookin complains, that, like the Cretians of Scripture, they were incorrigible liars. They were fond of gambling, and sometimes hazarded and lost all that they had. They were also fond of violent dancing and boisterous revels, which were sometimes protracted for a week at a time.

Their government was a despotism; but in its administration it was popular and paternal; for as the old despotism of France was "tempered by epigrams," and that of Russia by assassination, so was this Indian despotism mitigated and mellowed by the recognition of the right in every citizen to expatriate himself at his pleasure. But rarely indeed did an Indian desert his natal tribe. To their honor be it recorded, that in countless instances, in the most desperate emergencies, these Indian braves proved as constant to their chief as the Old Guard of Napoleon, the Continentals of Washington, the Ironsides of Cromwell, or the Tenth Legion of Cæsar.

Like other tribes, the Pawtuckets were addicted to polygamy; and their matrimonial connections were dissoluble at the option of either party; but none could marry till they had attained adult years. The men employed themselves in fighting, hunting, fowling and fishing. The women performed all menial services, which were deemed dishonorable by the men. Even when they travelled, the men went empty-handed, while the women toiled along with bundles of baggage and basketsfull of babies at their backs. Yet all agree that these Indian women were affectionate wives and most devoted mothers.

Polytheists in religion, they paid their devotions to the sun, the moon, Arcturus, Orion, Sirius, the Pleiades, and those far-off stars that seemed to weep in pity over the lowly lot of the red man. Intimations of one Infinite Power they also had, in the holy scriptures of Nature—in the constant march of the seasons—in the tender forth-puttings of spring—in the ripening heats of summer—in the falling leaves of autumn—in the thunder, the artillery of heaven, that boomed over the lonely waste—in the lightning, God's pyrotechnics, whose flashes changed night to day—in the wild, requiem wail of wintry winds like spirit voices whispering in the tree-tops their weird and pensive melody—in the deep moaning of the river's waves rolling downward toward the melancholy main. Some dim conception they also formed, of a materialistic Paradise, like the Paradise foreshadowed in the Koran. The location of this Indian Heaven was in the far Southwest. They had a general belief in the immortality of the soul, and in the resurrection, not of mankind only, but of all animated nature. With the bodies of their dead they buried bows, arrows, war-clubs, tomahawks, scalping-knives, spears, and other weapons and implements, of supposed utility in the world to come.

From the number of human bones exhumed within the last twenty years in the territory embraced within the Lowell Cemetery, it is evident that that spot was a favorite burial-place of the Indians long before the waters of the Merrimack had murmured in the white man's ear. In 1858, when the hill which once overlooked the Concord was pared down, a large hu-

man skeleton was found, which was supposed to be that of an Indian chief, being carefully embedded in a substance resembling charcoal. It was apparently buried in a sitting posture, facing the rising sun. The skull bore indications of fracture with a tomahawk. Near it was found the skeleton of a woman, perhaps the chief's squaw.

The Pawtuckets had no priest-hood; but every village had its powwow. These powwows answered to the description which the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy gives of Pythagoras, being "part philosopher, part magician, and part witch." They exerted an almost paramount influence in their tribe, as men of intellect always do; and frequently attained the rank of chiefs. They are believed to have possessed some secrets of the healing art, of which the sons of Esculapius must still confess their ignorance; and it is certain they used with great efficacy, many plants, roots and barks which to the pharmacopœia of medical science are still unknown. They were also familiar with the modern doctrine of the Water Cure.*

Such were the people who inhabited this region when the De Monts, the Champlains, the Cabots, the Gosnolds, and other leaders in American discovery, first landed on these shores. The first Englishman to whom the existence of the Merrimack became known, was Captain John Smith, whose exploits in both hemispheres have made his name famous wherever the English language is spoken; who, in 1614, in an open boat, explored and mapped the whole coast of New England, from the Penobscot to Cape Cod, and learned of the existence of the Merrimack from the Indians.† Within a few years after Captain Smith's visit, a regular traffic was opened with the Indians; blankets, hatchets, kettles and trinkets being bartered for fish, fowls, berries, baskets, poultry and furs. Thousands of English, French, Spanish, Flemish and Portuguese fishermen cruised annually on the banks of Newfoundland and on the fishing-grounds of Cape Cod, while as yet no settlement existed, save in the visionary's dream. Occasional visits were received from these fishermen by the natives along the shore.

PESTILENCE AND WAR.

About the year 1614, the Pawtuckets became embroiled in a most sanguinary war with a tribe in Maine, called the Tarrantines. This war raged with great fury during three years, and greatly reduced the numbers of all the belligerent tribes. The process of depopulation was vastly accelerated by an epidemic disease, which followed close on the heels of the war, and continued its ravages for two years. What this pestilence was it is impossible to determine and fanciful to conjecture. Some writers call it small pox; Dr. Noah Webster asserts it to be the common American plague or yellow fever, while the Puritans deemed it the agent of Providence to prepare the way for the chosen people. There remain some records of this plague, which tell us that the victims "died in heaps," and that "the living were in no wise able to bury the dead." The appearance of the great comet of 1618, by arousing the superstition of the victims, added greatly to the terrors of the plague. Thousands of corpses were left to putrify in the wigwams; hundreds, without burial or shelter, were devoured as carrion by beasts and birds of prey; and their bones were bleached in the wind and sun. But beyond this the old chronicles are silent. The plague which desolated Athens has been vividly delineated by the masterly pen of Thucidides; that of Florence, by Boccacio; that of London, by the incomparable author of Robinson Crusoe. But imagination only can describe how this Indian pestilence came; how it spread like fire on a prairie from

* For the general history, condition, manners and customs of the Indians, consult Schoolcraft's Algic Researches; Hubbard's, and Palfrey's, History of New England; Hutchinson's, and Barry's, of Massachusetts; Belknap's, of New Hampshire; Drake's Book of the Indians; Wood's New England's Prospect Part 2, chapters 1–20; Morton's New English Canaan, Book 1, chapters 1–20; Gookin, in 1 Massachusetts Historical Collections, pp. 141–236; Roger Williams', in 3 Mass. Hist. Coll., pp. 203–238; Potter's History of Manchester, N. H., chap. 4; Young's Chronicles of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay; Force's Historic Tracts, etc.

† See Smith's General Historie, vol. ii. p. 184.

wigwam to wigwam, and from village to village, until nineteen-twentieths of all the Indians between the Penobscot and Narragansett Bay had succumbed to its mysterious power; how the babe of a day and the patriarch of a century fell together beneath its stroke;

"How wolves came with fierce gallop,
And crows on eager wings,
To tear the flesh of captains,
And pluck the eyes of kings."*

It is remarkable that Richard Vines and other Europeans, whom Sir Fernando Gorges had left to settle on the adjacent coast, who lodged in wigwams with the Indians during the whole period of this plague, did not experience "so much as a headache" all the time. When the pioneers of civilization penetrated the country in after years, they found skeletons of the victims by hundreds. Thomas Morton says, the country seemed to him "a new-found Golgotha."†

The first Merrimack River Indian, of whom history has preserved any account, was a chief, famous in his day, who bore the name of Passaconaway, or Papassaconaway, which means "the child of the bear." He was regarded by all who knew him as a man of decided capacity, and had the sagacity to perceive that to contend with the English would be suicide. He first became famous among his tribe as a powwow; in other words, he was a prestidigitateur, conjurer and magician, "parson, fiddler and physician." If the reports which William Wood received from the Indians can be relied on, Passaconaway's feats of prestidigitation surpassed even those of our celebrated contemporary, Monsieur Hermann. It is said he could make the rocks move and the trees dance; that he could turn water into ice in summer and into fire in winter; that he could clothe the dried leaves of autumn with the tints of spring, and bring dead serpents to life; that he could metamorphose himself into a shining flame, and career through space like a Connecticut witch on a broomstick; and perform many other impossible feats.

At what time Passaconaway became the chief of the Pawtucket confederacy, we are not informed; but he probably attained that dignity before or soon after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth; for in 1623, Captain Christopher Leavitt visited the neighboring coast, and saw a chief whom he calls Conway, who was probably none other than Passaconaway. Within a few years after Captain Leavitt's visit, we find numerous references to this chief in Morton, Wood, Dudley, and other writers of the early colonial age.

On the seventeenth of May, 1629, Passaconaway conveyed to John Wheelwright all the land lying between the Piscataqua and the Merrimack, by a deed which is still preserved in the office of the Secretary of State. The deed bears, beside the mark of Passaconaway, the marks of several local chiefs, who acknowledged allegiance to him; and among these was Runnawit, who, as is supposed, was at that time the local chief of what is now Lowell. Passaconaway had other places of rendezvous besides Pawtucket: one at Amoskeag Falls, now Manchester; another at Pennacook Island, now Sewall's Island, in Concord; and others on different islands in the Merrimack River.

A good understanding seems to have existed between Passaconaway and the white settlers from the first. In 1632, two years after the settlement of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, this chief captured and delivered to Governor Winthrop for punishment, an Indian who had killed an English trader. Ten years after this, in September, 1642, the colonial authorities, alarmed by the report of an Indian conspiracy in Connecticut, for the massacre of the white settlers, sent forty armed men

* Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.

† For further information touching this pestilence, consult Dermer, Morton, Higginson, Johnson, Gookin, Increase Mather, and Hutchinson, quoted in Young's Chronicles of Plymouth, pp. 182–185; and Dr. Noah Webster's History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases, vol 2

This plague bore a striking resemblance to that which, in the seventh century, depopulated Britain and Ireland.—Lingard's History of England, vol. I, p. 191.

to disarm Passaconaway and his tribe.— They failed to find Passaconaway; but found and arrested his son Wannalancet, together with his squaw and child. Wannalancet contrived to escape; but his squaw and child were hurried off to Boston as prisoners. An outrage like this could not fail to arouse the resentment of any man of spirit; but such was the moderation of Passaconaway, he accepted an apology for these proceedings, which the colonial authorities declared were unauthorized; and soon afterward, when the prisoners had been returned to him, he sent his son and delivered up all his guns to the colonial governor.

In the first years of the history of the colonies, the Indians were treated, in some measure, as independent nations; but in 1644, the settlers proceeded by diplomacy to reduce the various chiefs to the rank of petty local magistrates under colonial authority. The year before this project was attempted, the Colony was divided into counties. At that time, namely, in 1643, Middlesex County contained eight towns, viz: — Charlestown, Cambridge, Watertown, Sudbury, Concord, Woburn, Medford and Reading. Among the first that submitted to this arrangement was the chief of the Pawtuckets. The instrument of submission bearing Passaconaway's mark, and also the mark of his son, Nahnanacommock, the local chief of the Wauchusetts, is still preserved among the archives in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, though two centuries have rolled by since all who assisted at its execution passed to the Silent Land. As this is the oldest document in existence relating to the region of Lowell, it is proper to introduce it here, in full.

INDIAN TREATY.

At a generall Court held at Boston the 12 day of the ffourth moneth [June] 1644.
Papassaconaway, Nahnancommock, did voluntarilie submitt themselues to us, as appeareth by their Couenant subscribed by their owne hands heere following & other articles to wch they consented. We haue & doe by theise prsents voluntarily & wthout any constraint or psuasion, but of or owne free motion put orselues, or subiects Lands & estates vnder the Gouermt and Jurisdiction of the Massachusetts to be gouerned and protected by them, according to their Just Lawes and orders so farre as we shall be made capable of vnderstanding them. And we doe promise for orselues & all or subiects & all or posteritie to be true & faithfull to the said Gourmt & ayding to the maintenance thereof to or best abilitie, And from tyme to tyme to giue speedy notice of any conspiracie attempt or evill intention of any wch we shall know or heare of against the same & we doe pmise to be willing from tyme to tyme to be instructed in the knowledge & worship of God. In witnes whereof wee haue heerevnto put or hands the day & yeare aboue written.*

On the part of the Indians every stipulation in this instrument was faithfully kept and performed. Would that the same praise could be awarded to the whites. History must weep to relate that, within twenty years from the day of this treaty of submission, Passaconaway was reduced to the condition of a pauper, a stranger in the land of his fathers, dependent for his subsistence on the cold charity of those who had dispossessed him of his native soil.

Before the close of the year 1644, a number of other chiefs submitted to the colonial jurisdiction, and consented to receive missionaries among them to teach their children. On the thirteenth of November of that year, an order was passed by the General Court, instructing the County Courts to provide "that the Indians residing in the several shires should be civilized and instructed in the knowledge and worship of God." Though this first step toward the Christianization of the Indians was not taken until a quarter of a century after the landing at Plymouth, the object aimed at had been kept more or less steadily in view from the first. As early as 1625, we find the Rev. William Morrell returning to England and invoking the King, and all the "Holy Aarons" of the British hierarchy, to engage in the propagation of Christianity among the red men. But the missionary operations of the settlers were necessarily postponed until they had felled the forests, broke up the fallow ground, built houses and barns, enclosed corn-fields, fortified themselves against famine, established churches and schools,

*See Massachusetts Archives, vol. 30, page 3; Winthrop's Journal, (Savages' Edition,) vol. 2, pp. 166 214.

instituted a government of laws, informed themselves respecting the country, and provided for their own safety and subsistence. To do all this in a quarter of a century was doing well. And before this had been done, came the Antinomian controversy of Anne Hutchinson, and the Pequot War, which occasioned a further adjournment of missionary enterprise.

Various preliminary notes were sounded on the Gospel trumpet, but nothing of moment was accomplished till 1646, when the General Court passed an order requesting the elders of the several churches to consider what should be done for the diffusion of Christianity among the Indians. This order met with a prompt response. Eliot, Cotton, Thatcher, and the two Mayhews, girded themselves to the work with that apostolic heroism and that holy ardor which have made their names blessed forevermore. But on this occasion it is only with Eliot that we are concerned.*

JOHN ELIOT.

John Eliot—whom Edward Everett so justly eulogises as one of the noblest spirits that have walked the earth since the days of the Apostle Paul—was born in Essexshire, England, in 1604. He was educated at Cambridge, and was for some time usher to Hooker, the author of the celebrated work on Ecclesiastical Polity, at his grammar-school near Chelmsford—the town from which our neighboring town of Chelmsford took its name. In 1613, he came to Massachusetts, and settled at West Roxbury, where he became pastor of the same church of which he had been pastor in England. Notwithstanding his accumulated labors as an author and a missionary, he retained his pastoral charge at West Roxbury until his death, which occurred on the twentieth of May, 1690.

The events of Eliot's life being narrated in full in works to which access is easy, it is unnecessary to relate them here.* The pages which record the labors of this great Apostle of the Indians, are, indeed, the brightest pages in our colonial history. In its ordinary features, the Puritanism of that day was sour, austere, uncouth, rugged and grim; but the softening radiance of celestial light that played over the Puritanism of the sainted Eliot, gave it a beauty that was not born of earth, and that can never fade away.

Eliot had taken pains to learn the Indian language, even before the passage of the order to which reference has been made, and was the first to enter upon the missionary work. On the twenty-eighth of October, 1646, after proper notice of his design, he proceeded, with three friends, to what is now Newton Corner; and then and there was the Puritan interpretation of the Gospel of Christ for the first time preached to the red men of America. Encouraged by the success of this first effort, Eliot, a fortnight afterward, preached again at the same place; and found that he could make himself tolerably well understood without the aid of an interpreter. Not satisfied with what he was accomplishing among the Indians whom he gathered at Nonantum, he soon extended his ministrations to other places more remote until the whole colony from Cape Cod to the Connecticut had been consecrated by his labors of love—his zeal being continually quickened by his belief that he saw, in the dusky faces that shone under his preaching, the descendants of the ten lost tribes of ancient Israel.

On the twenty-sixth of May, 1647, the General Court established monthly courts in those villages which were visited by Eliot or the other Indian missionaries; and the chiefs were constituted judges, for the trial of petty causes, both civil and criminal; their powers being substantially the same as those of justices of the peace.—An Indian constabulary was also establish-

* For an account of the efforts for the conversion of the Indians, between 1647 and 1655, consult the tracts in 4 Mass. Hist. Collections; Gookin, in 1 Mass. Hist. Coll; Hutchinson's History of Mass., vol. 2, p. 451; 3 Mass. Hist. Coll.; Palfrey's History of New England, vol. 2; Francis' Life of Eliot; 2 Mass. Records, etc.

* See Mather's Magnalia; Francis', and Moore's, Life of Eliot; Young's Chronicles of Mass. Bay, p. 365, note, etc.

ed, to serve warrants and summonses, and execute generally the orders and judgments of these Indian courts. Once in three months, one of the magistrates of the colony visited each of these villages, and, in connection with the local Indian judges held what may be called a county court for the Indians. These colonial and Indian magistrates also led the way in the general civilization of the people over whom they had the charge.

Nor did they labor altogether in vain. Gradually, the Indians under their superintendence shook off that habit of indolence which had become second nature, and applied themselves to agricultural pursuits. Bear-skins were laid aside, and clothes like those of the whites generally assumed. It was soon noticed that they lived in better wigwams than their neighbors, and were solicitous that their children should be educated like the children of the whites.

In 1647, or possibly in 1646, Eliot, after preaching at Concord, made his first visit to this place, accompanied by Captain Simon Willard, and other friends, of both races. At that time, Passaconaway, suspecting him of hostile designs, left the place, with his two sons, and would not see him. Eliot's second visit to this spot was in the spring of 1648, when he found here a great confluence of the Indians, engaged in fishing, and in wild festivities, —reminding him of the fairs in England. Finding excellent opportunities for his favorite work, he remained here many days, preaching and conversing, now to one group, and now to another. Passaconaway and his sons listened with willing ears to his discourses, and declared themselves deeply impressed with the truth of his words. Nor was this impression merely momentary; for, on visiting this place in the following spring, Eliot was pressingly importuned by Passaconaway to come and live with the Pawtuckets, and be their teacher; and though, from the multiplicity of other cares, Eliot could not accede to this proposal, he says:—"truly my heart much yearneth toward them, and I have a great desire to make an Indian Towne that way."

It would be scarcely reasonable to suppose that Eliot left Passaconaway without giving him from time to time, some general information touching the tragic scenes then being enacted in the far-off land of his birth—the land about which the Indians ever made so many strange inquiries.—That would indeed be a most pleasing picture, which should exhibit Eliot and Passaconaway sitting together upon the bank of the bowlder-bottomed Merrimack, while Eliot relates the marvelous story—how Charles the First and his Parliament came into collision—how Strafford and Laud, the king's nearest friends, were put to death upon the scaffold—how the king's armies were routed, the king himself beheaded, the order of Bishops abolished, the House of Lords compelled to succumb, and the glorious old monarchy of England eclipsed in blood!

PASSACONAWAY.

After this we hear no more of Passaconaway for about twelve years; and if there be truth in the saying, "Happy are the people whose annals are barren," both he and his people may be supposed to have passed this period in tranquil felicity, and in blissful unconsciousness of the trials that were in store for them. Before the leaves fell from the trees in the autumn of 1660, Passaconaway found himself burdened with the weight of about four score years. His star had long passed the zenith, and was sinking rapidly down the sky. His eye had become dim, and his natural force abated. Time had furrowed his face with wrinkles, and turned his straight, black locks to gray. He could not be unconscious that the time was near when his footsteps would be heard no more upon his native river-bank—that he was liable at any moment to be served with that peremptory summons which no child of mortality may ever disobey—a summons to the great council fire of his fathers in the land of shades. He therefore resolved to

resign the sachemship to his son, Wannalancet, and to pass the remainder of his life unburdened by the cares of official station.

His abdication was signalized by a grand banquet,—given possibly here, though more probably at Amoskeag Falls, where the stately city of Manchester has since arisen,—which was attended by a vast concourse of chiefs and braves, and other Indians of high and low degree. Feasting and dancing were the order of the day.—Belknap tells us that some white gentlemen of the colony were present by invitation, participating gleefully in all the festivities of the occasion. The old warriors and sages of the tribe regaled the audience with the triumphant recital of their proudest exploits in battle and in the chase.—Finally, in profound silence, Passaconaway arose, like General Jackson on a similar occasion, to deliver his farewell address.—The feelings of this prophet, priest and king on meeting his people for the last time officially, and their feelings on parting with the chief who had led them in the council and in the field, so long, so ably and so well, can be better imagined than described. From the imperfect remains of this speech, as preserved by Hubbard, Belknap, and others, we may infer that this far-sighted old Indian statesman had a presentiment of the great war between the colonists and the Indians which broke out fifteen years afterward, and desolated New England with fire and blood. Among other things, he is reported to have said—

"I am now going the way of all the earth; I am ready to die, and not likely to see you ever met together any more. I will now leave this word of counsel with you:—Take heed how you quarrel with the English. Hearken to the last words of your father and friend. The white men are the sons of the morning. The Great Spirit is their father. His sun shines bright about them. Never make war with them. Sure as you light the fires, the breath of heaven will turn the flame upon you, and destroy you.—Listen to my advice. It is the last I shall be allowed to give you. Remember it and live."

The solemn counsel of such a chief as Passaconaway, uttered on so memorable an occasion, was not likely to be soon forgotten. Both the new chief and his people kept it in lasting remembrance. Some of them, indeed, disregarded it; but by many of them it was sacredly observed.—It kept them from joining the coalition of King Phillip, and thus saved them from the fate which finally befell the partizans of that able but unfortunate patriot.

The chief of the Pawtucket or Pennacook Confederacy who succeeded Passaconaway, resided only occasionally here; most of his time, during the first fourteen years of his sachemship, being spent farther up the valley, at the places already mentioned as the abodes of Passaconaway. The local chief of this place, at this time, was Nobbow or Numphow, who had married one of Passaconaway's daughters.

Two years after his abdication, in May, 1662, Passaconaway turns up again, in a condition truly pitiable.

"Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook,"

he now comes before us supplicating the General Court "that this honord Courte wolde pleas to grante vnto vs a parcell of land for a comfortable cituation, to be stated for our Injoyment; as also that this honord Courte wold pleas to take into yr serious and grave consideration the condition and also the request of yr pore suppliant." In answer to this petition, which is still preserved among our State Archives, Passaconaway received a grant of lands which included parts of Manchester, Londonderry, Litchfield, Merrimack, and Bedford, in New Hampshire. The lands were chiefly pine plains; but they included a good fishing-ground, and probably sufficed for all the wants of the "pore suppliant" and his dependents. Passaconaway did not live long to enjoy his grant. As nothing more is heard of him from the writers of the day, it is supposed that his earthly days were shortly afterward numbered and finished.*

Having now done with Passaconaway, I resume the narrative of the efforts that

*For more about Passaconaway and his son, Wannalancet, see the Farmer's Visitor for 1852; Potter's History of Manchester, N. H.; Drake's Book of the Indians, etc.

were made to convert and civilize those of his tribe who commonly abode at this place. The labors of Eliot, here and elsewhere, were cordially seconded by the General Court, and especially by General Gookin, author of Historical Collections of the Indians, published in the first volume of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and of the History of the Christian Indians, published in the second volume of the Transactions of the American Antiquarian Society. Considering how ably and how faithfully this man labored to improve the condition of the Indians of this place, and considering the comparitive oblivion to which his memory has been consigned, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of brushing away the dust from his urn; though I am conscious of the probable failure of the attempt.

GOOKIN.

Major-General Daniel Gookin was born in England, but immigrated early in life to Virginia. In 1644, he settled in Cambridge, where he was chosen captain of a military company and a member of the house of deputies. In 1652, he was elected an assistant in the colonial magistracy, and, in 1656, was appointed by the General Court superintendent over all the Indians that had submitted to the allegiance of the colony, among whom were the Indians of the region of Lowell. Soon after this appointment, he visited England, and was received with many marks of attention at the court of the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, who, having recently conquered Jamaica from Spain, desired to remove the Massachusetts colonists to that island, and sought, but in vain, to enlist Gookin in that enterprise. During Gookin's absence, Major-General Atherton filled the office of Indian superintendent. General Atherton dying soon after General Gookin's return to Massachusetts, in 1661, Gookin was at once reinstated in the superintendency. He was was made Major-General in 1681. He continued in the magistracy till the dissolution of the charter in 1686. He was at the head of the party which adhered to the charter. He died in poverty in 1687, leaving a widow and several children. Though a man of some bigotry and many prejudices, his understanding was cultivated, his integrity inflexible, his patriotism disinterested and unconquerable, his piety exemplary, his religious and political principles firm and unchangeable; he was zealous, active and benevolent, and a true friend to the Indians, who mourned his death with unfeigned sorrow.* *

INDIAN LAWS.

In this notice of Gookin, I mentioned that he was appointed superintendent of the Indians that had submitted to the English, by an act passed in 1656. This act provided that said Gookin do "take care that all such Indians do live according, to our laws, as far as they are capable;" that he "shall constitute and appoint Indian Commissioners in their several plantations, to hear and determine all such matters that do arise among themselves, as our magistrates [or Justices of the Peace] may do among the English; with officers to execute all commands and warrants as marshals and constables." The Indian Commissioners here mentioned, were nominated by the Indians themselves, and commissioned by Gookin. And in addition to the petty courts of this local native magistracy, the same statute provided that Gookin, jointly with the local judge of each village, "shall have the power of a county court, to hear and determine all causes arising among them; the English magistrate (Gookin) appointing the time and place of the court, and consenting to the determination and judgment. And all other matters beyond their cognizance, shall be issued and determined by the court of assistants" at Boston. Many other laws and orders were passed by the general court, with a view to the civilization of these Indians, which had important influences upon the Indians here. They provided among other things that the title to the soil should be deemed to have been

*For a fuller account of Gookin, see 1 Mass Hist. Coll. pp. 228—230; and Eliot's, and Allen's, Biog. Dict.

vested rightfully in the Indians; that such of them as acknowledged the colonial jurisdiction, should retain their lands for towns; that none of them should be dispossessed of their cultivated lands, corn-fields or fishing-grounds; that no assignment of land from them to any white man should be valid unless by license of the court; that no intoxicating drinks should be sold or given to them except in case of sickness; (but in these days, as in our days, prohibitory liquor laws proved a poor barrier against the force of depraved appetite;) that none should practice as powwows, wizards or witches under severe penalties; that all these and other laws relative to the Indians "shall be once a year, if the time be safe, made known to them by such fit person as the general court shall appoint." The doctrine of the lawyers, that ignorance of the law is no excuse for transgression, was not applied to the Indians.

It was also made the duty of the superintendent, Gookin, to make order and give instruction, backed with suitable penalties, for promoting morality, industry, good manners, and a proper observance of Sunday; to see that the children attended the schools, and all the people the churches; "and to provide that the Indian teachers and rulers have some small encouragement distributed among them, according to the people's ability." This "small encouragement" was obtained by a tax of one-tenth of "their yearly increase of all sorts of grain and pulse." But Gookin himself admits that this custom of tithes savored "too much of Judaism and anti-Christianism."

While these efforts were being made for the improvement of the aborigines, the work of settlement was prosecuted with great activity and success by the English. In 1652, the valley of the Merrimack was surveyed by Captain Simon Willard and Captain Edward Johnson, as far north as the outlet of Lake Winnipisiogee. Its rich basins and valuable fishing-stations were thus laid open to the eager gaze of the great host of adventurers, and the tide of white population rolled onward with unwonted rapidity. As early as 1653, a number of white settlers took up their abode in this vicinity; and on the twenty-ninth of May, 1655, the General Court incorporated the town of Chelmsford, and also the town of Billerica, which, until the twenty-third of December, 1734, included what is now Tewksbury.

WAMESIT RESERVATION.

In order that this tide of white settlers might not dispossess the Indians of their lands here, on which they had erected quite substantial wigwams, and some of which they had enclosed and brought under cultivation, Eliot, in 1653, two years before the incorporation of Chelmsford and Billerica, procured the passage of an act by the General Court, reserving a good part of the land on which Lowell now stands, to the exclusive use of the natives. This land then contained two Indian villages—Pawtucket, which lay east of Pawtucket Falls, and Wamesit, which lay east of Massick or Wamesit Falls, in Belvidere. The village of Pawtucket, however, was finally merged in that of Wamesit. The bounds of this Indian reservation were enlarged in 1656 and in 1660. A ditch to mark these bounds was dug about the year 1665. Traces of this ditch may still be seen.

Here, as in other Indian towns, superintended by Eliot and Gookin, the work of Indian civilization went on promisingly for ten years. An extensive traffic grew up between the whites and the Indians; and in 1657 this traffic was regulated by an act of the Legislature. Major Simon Willard, and three others, paid twenty-five pounds sterling for the exclusive right to trade with the Indians on the Merrimack River.

In 1669, Wannalancet and a party of Indians from Concord, fearing an attack from the Mohawks, came down the Merrimack in canoes, and built a fort for their protection on the hill in Belvidere, which has ever since been called Fort Hill, and surrounded it with palisades. At this the white settlers in the vicinity be-

came alarmed, and some of them shut themselves up in garrison houses. In 1670, the strange Indians whose presence created this alarm, united with several hundred others, including all the more turbulent and dangerous Indians belonging to this part of New England, in an expedition against the Mohawks, by whom they were overpowered, and almost entirely destroyed. The wars of the Indians were generally fought on the principle of No-Surrender: and in this single campaign, it is said, more than fifty chiefs were slain. The mild disposition of Wannalancet, always peaceably disposed, saved him from the destruction which thus befell so many of his associates.

WAMESIT IN 1674.

Speaking of the Indian village here, in 1674, Gookin says:—

"It hath about fifteen families, and consequently, as we compute, about seventy-five souls. [This must mean seventy-five "praying Indians;" the entire population being about two hundred and fifty.] The quantity of land belonging to it is about twenty-five hundred acres. The land is fertile, yielding plenty of corn. It is excellently accommodated with a fishing place; and there is taken variety of fish in their season, as salmon, shad, lamprey eels, sturgeon, bass, and divers others. There is a great confluence of Indians, that usually resort to this place in the fishing season. Of these strange Indians, divers are vicious and wicked men and women; which Satan makes use of to obstruct the prosperity of religion here. The ruler of this people is called Numphow. He is one of the blood of their chief sachems. Their teacher is called Samuel, son to the ruler, a young man of good parts, and can speak, read and write English and Indian completely. He is one of those that was bred up at school at the charge of the Corporation for the Indians.—These Indians, if they were diligent and industrious—to which they have been frequently excited—might get much by their fish, especially fresh salmon, which are of esteem and good price at Boston in the season; and the Indians being stored with horses of a low price, might furnish the market fully, being at so small a distance. And divers other sorts of fish they might salt or pickle, as sturgeon and bass;—which would be much to their profit. But notwithstanding divers arguments used to pursuade them, and some orders made to encourage them; yet their idleness and improvidence doth hitherto prevail.

At this place, once a year, at the beginning of May, the English magistrae [to wit. Gookin himself] keeps his court, accompanied with Mr. Eliot, the minister; who at this time takes his opportunity to preach, not only to the inhabitants, but to as many of the strange Indians that can be pursuaded to hear him; of which sort, usually in times of peace, there are considerable numbers at that season. And this place being an ancient and capital seat of Indians, they come to fish, and this good man takes this opportunity to spread the net of the gospel to fish for their souls."*

The magistrate, Numphow, here mentioned, held his monthly court in a log cabin near the Boott Canal. Samuel, the Indian teacher, imparted his teachings in a log chapel near the west end of Appleton Street.

That would be an interesting picture, which should portray this Indian teacher standing in his rude pulpit preaching and catechizing, with a zeal out of all proportion to his knowledge, the simple subjects of his pastoral care; or the whole flock crowded around the chapel to listen to the persuasive words of Eliot—their Beecher, their Chapin, their Bishop Fitzpatrick. More interesting still would be the picture of Judge Numphow, the archetype of our Police Judge, sitting serenely on the bench in his rude cabin, deciding every case by the law of Moses, believing the wit of man could make none better. Most pleasing of all would that picture be, which should show us that court-house during the May term—Gookin sitting as chief justice, with Eliot on his right, and Numphow on his left—dispensing fines, floggings, and imprisonments, with a disregard of forms that might have astonished Sir Matthew Hale and the other "slow coaches" of Westminster Hall.†

But we are not left to our imagination for a view of the circumstances attending the annual visits of Eliot and Gookin to this "ancient and capital seat of Indians." The pen of Gookin has transmitted to us a quite unique account of their visit in 1674. They arrived here on the evening of the fifth of May; and the Indians, elated with the news of their arrival, assembled to greet them, in the wigwam of Wannalancet, near Pawtucket Falls. The same evening, Eliot preached

*Gookin's His. Coll., Chap. 7.

†This joint exercise of judicial functions by the clergy and the civil magistracy was not so novel a thing as may be supposed. By the laws of King Edgar, the Bishop and the Alderman (or, in his absence the Sheriff) of the County, sat together in the County Court. Vaughan's Revolutions in English History, vol. 1, p. 224; 3 Blackstone's Commentaries, p. 61.

to them on the Saviour's Parable of the Marriage of the King's son, being the first fourteen verses of the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew. Gookin describes Wannalancet as a sober and grave sachem, between fifty and sixty years of age. "He hath been always loving and friendly to the English. Many endeavors have been used several years to gain this sachem to embrace the Christain religion; but he hath stood off from time to time, and not yielded up himself personally, though for four years past he hath been willing to hear the word of God preached, and to keep the Sabbath. A great reason that hath kept him off, I conceive, hath been the indisposition and averseness of sundry of his chief men and relatives to pray to God; which he foresaw would desert him, in case he turned Christian. But at this time [May 6th, 1674] it pleased God so to influence and overcome his heart, that it being proposed to him to give his answer concerning praying to God, after some deliberation and serious pause, he stood up, and made a speech to this effect:—

"'Sirs, you have been pleased for four years last past, in your abundant love, to apply yourselves particularly unto me and my people, to exhort, press and persuade us to pray to God. I am very thankful to you for your pains. I must acknowldge, I have, all my days, used to pass in an old canoe, (alluding to his frequent custom to pass in a canoe up the river,) and now you exhort me to change and leave my old canoe, and embark in a new canoe, to which I have hitherto been unwilling; but now I yield up myself to your advice, and enter into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God hereafter.'"

Gookin adds that Wannalancet afterward persevered in his new mode of life, kept the Sabbath, and heard the word of God diligently, notwithstanding some of his people abandoned him on this account.—For it is not to be forgotten, that only a part of the Indians in the "praying towns," so called, ever embraced Christianity. The rest were corrupted, rather than improved, by contact with the whites; and Gookin declares that "excepting their rational souls, they were like unto the wild ass's colt, and not many degress above the beasts." The whole population suffered from their contiguity to the border savages of the wilderness, particularly the Mohawks, who perpetrated upon them continual outrages.—Now, herds of cattle were stolen; now, cabins were pillaged; now, a stray Indian was caught in the woods and murdered.—Every atrocity, in short, from the scalping of a man to the robbing of a hen-roost, was practiced upon them with impunity.

At the time of the conversion of Wannalancet, the work of planting Christianity among the Indians had attained the acme of its success. Thirty years had rolled by since Elliot preached his first Indian sermon at Newton Corner. During this period, he had organized fourteen towns, inhabited by eleven hundred praying Indians. Dr. Dwight says, the whole number of Christian Indians in New England, at this time, was "not far from 10,000." It was written in the book of Destiny that this work should proceed no further. The trump of war was now to be sounded by the chief of the Pokonokets, and all these things were to pass away.

KING PHILLIP'S WAR.

At the beginning of King Phillip's War, in 1675, the white population of New England, as computed by Mr. Bancroft, numbered fifty-five thousand souls; the red race was nearly as numerous; and both were about equally expert in the use of firearms; though the moral superiority of the whites, coupled with their superior discipline, gave them a decided advantage in the struggle. The white settlements had been so far extended during the previous fifty years, that the settlers could now hardly avoid encroaching on the hunting-grounds reserved to the Indians, or prevent their cattle destroying the Indians' corn-fields. Nor did they exercise that justice, magnanimity, and forbearance toward their red neighbors, which might have postponed the impending struggle. And yet, however fairly and however magnanimously they might have dealt, they could not have saved from ultimate extinction the weaker race upon whose lands they had settled.—Like the savages of Australia, like the Hottentots of South Africa, like the na-

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tives of British India, like the Moors of Barbary, like the Aztecs of Mexico, the islanders of the Pacific, and inferior races everywhere, these Indians could not but melt away like polar ice under a tropical sun. The first English axe that rung in the primeval forest sounded the red man's knell.

The dire collision came—not because the Devil was piqued at the prosperity of the New England churches, as good master Hubbard quaintly suggests—not because Phillip was the victim of wrongs which could only be wiped out in blood—but rather because Providence willed that this great continent should be inhabited by a powerful, enlightened and progressive people, and not by a handful of savages in stereotyped barbarism. The whites are not to be blamed for struggling in defence of their new acquisitions; neither are the reds to be blamed for contending even unto death in defence of their wild lands and wild liberties. Both acted in obedience to the instincts with which God and nature had endowed them. Providence put Phillip at Mount Hope, as it put Lincoln in the White House, and Napoleon in the Tuilleries. Fighting for as holy a cause as tongue ever pleaded or trumpet proclaimed—

> "For the ashes of his fathers,
> And the temples of his gods"—

he surely deserves the honors of monument and pæan.

"We picture him to ourselves," says Irving of Phillip, in his Sketch-Book; "we picture him to ourselves, seated among his care-worn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking-place. Defeated, but not dimayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated—he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. He was a patriot attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian; he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest—without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle."

Nor should his faithful adherents be forgotten. Rather let history ascribe all honor to the brave patriots who stood round him in his sullen grandeur and desperate struggle with the inevitable.—Though abandoned from day to day by their allies, though beset by traitors in the council and cowards in the field, though hunted from swamp to swamp like culprits or wild beasts, starving on groundnuts and horseflesh,—worn out by toil, by famine, by disease, by the hardships and ravages of war,—with no sleep for their eyes or slumber for their eyelids,—with but the faintest hope of victory, and no thought of renown,—they stood by their falling chief with a martyr-like constancy that has never been surpassed even by the brightest of the patriots and heroes whose deeds illustrate the historic page.

It is said that Phillip was forced into this war, prematurely, by his younger braves, and that he wept bitterly when the bloody conflict began; but the fatal die being once cast, he girded himself with a lion's heart to the work of extirpating the whole white race in New England. He made peace with his Indian enemies, and labored to combine all, the Christian Indians not excepted, in a general coalition against the English. Neither Pontiac, nor Red Jacket, nor Tecumseh, nor Osceola, displayed grander abilities or a more comprehensive statemanship than this Indian Hercules. But the work which he attempted was such as must have baulked and baffled even the Hercules of mythology. As the stars in their courses fought against

Sisera, so did all the powers above now combine against Phillip. For he fought the battle of barbarism against civilization; and history, while lamenting his fate, must rejoice that his enterprise failed.

The events of this war—the conference and treaty of Phillip and his counsellors with the colonial magistrates in the old church in Taunton—the infraction of that treaty—the intercession of the Apostle Eliot—the new conference and treaty at Plymouth—the three years' peace—the treachery and death of Phillip's private secretary, Sausaman—the trial, condemnation and execution of his supposed murderers—the uncontrollable violence of Phillip's braves demanding to be led on against the whites—the burning of Swanzey—the great fight in Dismal Swamp—the burning of Medford, Sudbury, Marlborough, and Lancaster—the killing of Phillip himself in Skunk Swamp—the thousand atrocities on both sides—all these are recorded by Hubbard, Mather, Gookin, Church, and Drake, and need only be referred to here.

Wannalancet and our local Indians, faithful to the counsel of Passaconaway, gave no heed to the solicitations of Phillip, and never espoused his cause. As the consequence of this, they suffered more during this war than any other of Eliot's towns. Some of them were put to death by Phillip for giving notice of his designs; some were put to death by the colonists as Phillip's accomplices; some fell in battle in behalf of the whites; while others fell victims to the undiscriminating hatred of the colonial rabble, whose passions, on the slightest provocation, or suspicion, broke out without restraint against the "praying Indians."

The good faith of some of these "praying Indians" being suspected by the General Court, laws were passed forbidding the natives in the "praying towns" from going beyond the limits of their several villages, under severe penalties. Not content with these precautions, the General Court afterward caused five hundred Christian Indians, from various places, to be carried to Boston, and confined on Deer Island and other islands in the harbor.—Here, exposed to disease, despair, hunger, cold, and every species of hardships, they passed the winter of 1675-6. Many of them died; many more lost all confidence in the colonists. Their habits of honesty, sobriety, and industry, were lost; and their demoralization was complete.

On the approach of hostilities, seeing himself placed between two fires, and being determined to act a neutral part in the sanguinary contest, Wannalancet withdrew, with a portion of his people, from the neighborhood of the white settlers, and lodged himself at Pennacook. Alarmed at his withdrawal, the General Court sent messengers, in September, 1675, to pursuade him to come back. But instead of returning, he withdrew, with his people still further into the wilderness, and passed the winter of 1675 and 1676 about the headwaters of the Connecticut, where there was a good supply of moose, deer, bears, and other wild beasts. Subsequent events will show that those who remained at Wamesit would have done wisely to have accompanied Wannalancet to his new winter abode.

In September, 1675, shortly after the opening of the campaign, a hundred armed scouts, under Captain Mosely, marched up the Merrimack to Pennacook, where Concord now stands, and where Wannalancet sometimes took up his abode; and finding the wigwams and winter stores of the Indians there deserted, wantonly burned them. About the same time, a haystack in Chelmsford, belonging to Lieutenant James Richardson, was burned by some skulking Indians of Phillip's party. But the inhabitants at once attributed it to the Wamesit Indians, though the owner of it protested that it could not have been set on fire by them. Hereupon, Count Oakes, with a body of troops, was ordered to bring all the Wamesit Indians to Boston. On the twentieth day of October, he accordingly sent word to the General Court that he had arrested the Indians of Wamesit—about a hundred and forty-five in number—and had them with him on the way to

Boston. Thirty-three of them were able-bodied men, unarmed. The rest were old, decrepit men, women, children and infants. Many of them were naked, and all destitute of food. The General Court now ordered all the old men, women and children to be returned to their homes. The others were carried to Boston, where three of them were sold as slaves. The rest after being kept for some time in prison in Charlestown, were found innocent of setting the haystack on fire, (though the House of Deputies had passed a vote declaring them guilty;) and they were returned to Wamesit, escorted by Lieutenant Richardson, the owner of the property destroyed.

While on their return home, an incident occurred which shows the brutality of some of the colonial population. They happened to march through Woburn while the train-band was exercising; and Knight, one of the campany, deliberately levelled his gun, and shot one of the Indians dead. For this cold-blooded murder he was indicted and tried by a jury of his peers, but pleaded "that his gun went off by accident;" and as "the witnesses were mealy-mouthed in giving evidence," the jury, though "sent out again and again by the judges, who were much dissatisfed," basely returned a verdict of acquittal.

Not long after this, a barn filled with hay and grain, the property of this Lieutenant Richardson, was burned to the ground. The perpetrators of this incendiary act, as the proprietor of the barn then thought, and as was afterward ascertained, were not of the Wamesit Indians, but were partizans of Phillip. But the scoundrel mob of Chelmsford persisted in charging it upon the Indians of Wamesit, and "took the law into their own hands." On the fifteenth of November, 1675, fourteen armed men from Chelmsford came to Wamesit, and called the Indians, who were chiefly helpless women and children, out of their wigwams; but no sooner had they appeared than two of the Chelmsford ruffians, named Lorgin and Robbins, fiendishly fired upon them two charges of buck shot. Five of the Indian women and children were wounded; and one of them, a little boy, the son of a chief, was killed. The murderers were subsequently indicted and tried for this crime; but in this, as in the other case, the jury were dominated by the popular prejudice against the red men.—"To the great grief and trouble generally of magistracy and ministry, and other wise and godly men," says Gookin, these wanton murderers were acquitted.

Fearing a continuance of these outrages, Numphow and John a Line, the local chiefs of Wamesit, together with the Indian teachers, Samuel Numphow, Simon Betokom, and Mystic George, and all the Christian Indians then remaining here, fled into the wilderness, on their way toward the French settlements in Canada, expecting to find Wannalancet, who, as already stated, had previously removed beyond the reach of either of the belligerents. The authorities at Boston, hearing of their departure, sent Lieutenant Henchman of Chelmsford, to persuade them to return. This they declined to do; and the letter which they sent to Henchman, giving the reasons for their declinal, being a good specimen of native composition, written by Simon Betokom, one of their teachers, who had been Eliot's pupil, is deserving of insertion here.

"To Mr. Thomas Henchman, of Chelmsford. I, Numphow, and John a Line, we send a messenger to you again (Wecoposit) with this answer, we cannot come home again, we go towards the French, we go where Wannalancet is; the reason is, we went away from our home, we had help from the Council, but that did not do us good, but we had wrong by the English. 2dly. The reason is we went away from the English, for when there was any harm done in Chelmsford, they laid it to us, and said we did it, but we know ourselves we never did harm to the English, but we go away peaceably and quietly. 3dly. As for the Island, we say there is no safety for us, because many English be not good, and may be they come to us and kill us, as in the other case. We are not sorry for what we leave behind, but we are sorry the English have driven us from our praying to God and from our teacher. We did begin to understand a little of praying to God. We thank humbly the Council. We remember our love to Mr. Henchman and James Richardson."*

[Signed with the mark of Numphow and John Line.]

*See Gookin's History of the Christian Indians, in the second volume of the Transactions of the American Antiquarian Society, p. 483.

They failed to find Wannalancet; and twenty-three days after writing this letter to Henchman, worn out with wandering up and down in the woods in winter, and reduced to the last extremity for want of food, the greater part of them resumed their residence at Wamesit. Three commissioners—Eliot, Gookin and Willard—were then sent to them to assure them of the good will of the Council, and to create if possible, a more humane feeling toward them among the people of Chelmsford.—In connection with this mission of peace and good-will, a descendant of the last named commissioner — Joseph Willard, Esq., of Boston—in his excellent "Willard Memoir," makes the following just remark :—"Harrassed and persecuted as were the Christian Indians, the marvel is that they did not turn to a man against the English, and manifest those traits of character which are ever so dear to the savage nature. If here and there they were driven to madness, it was the inevitable consequence of their wrongs. Had they been well treated by the Massachusetts —that is, by the masses, who controlled public sentiment for the hour—they would have been a strong wall of defence to the colonists, as those in Connecticut were to that Colony. In the spring of 1676, this was done; and they rendered effectual aid in bringing the war to a close."

The woes of the Wamesit Indians were not ended even here, though Lieutenant Thomas Henchman was appointed as their guardian. On the fifth of February, 1676, we find them petitioning to be removed from Wamesit, giving as a reason that, in all probability, "other Indians would come and do mischief shortly, and it would be imputed to them, and they would suffer for it." Finding this petition disregarded, and themselves in imminent danger, they again fled in terror toward Canada; but they left behind them six or seven aged persons who were blind and lame, and too infirm to be removed. History weeps to relate that the cowardly villains of Chelmsford came to Wamesit by night, set fire to the wigwams in which these helpless invalids were lodged, and burned them all to death in one funereal pyre. In this, as in previous cases, the murderers went "unwhipt of justice." The better classes were indeed shocked at these atrocities; but the great mass of the colonists seemed to think it a small matter to kill an Indian in cold blood. As we proceed, however, we shall find the saying terribly true, that "history hath its revenges." Whole hecatombs of white lives will yet be sacrificed as a propitiatory offering to appease the manes of those thus barbarously murdered.

History delights to relate that two holy and heroic men—Eliot and Gookin—struggled manfully to the last in defence of these expiring tribes. With an eloquence inspired from above, they denounced this barbarous treatment of these unhappy Indians, whom God had made, for whom Christ had died, and against whom, or most of whom, no man could bring any just accusation. But they received no thanks from the magistrates, and were insulted in the streets by the "rascal rabble" of Boston.

In their pursuit of their chief, Wannalancet, the fugitives this time met with better success than in their former flight. They found him, and joined his party, and remained with him till the close of the war. But before they found him they experienced all the horrors of a French retreat from Moscow. Their chief, Numphow, and Mystic George, one of their teachers, and various other men, women and children, perished in the woods of hunger, cold and fatigue. Even after being thus driven into the wilderness by the barbarities of the colonists, Wannalancet still proved himself the white man's friend, always sending notice to the colonial authorities when he heard of the approach of their enemies.—But I must now leave Wannalancet and his people in the woods, while I record what befell the white settlers of the region to which our narrative relates.

In August, 1675, shortly after the opening of the contest, the house of Lieutenant Henchman, in Chelmsford, was fortified with a garrison, and so continued for

several months. About the same time, the forty-eight families which then constituted the population of Billerica (including Tewksbury) were, by order of the Council, gathered into twelve garrisons for safety; but John Farmer, the historian of Billerica, states that that town received no essential injury during this war; though the people were harrassed with visits from the partisans of Phillip, as were also the people of Dracut and Chelmsford. Two sons of Samuel Varnum, ancestor of General Varnum—who was four years Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and once President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and whose remains now rest in peace on the banks of the murmuring Merrimack in Dracut—were shot while crossing the river in a boat.

On the third of February, 1676, some of Phillip's partizans attacked Chelmsford, and burned several buildings. Colburn's garrison on the east side of the Merrimack was now strengthened, and nearly all the outer settlements were deserted. A second attack was made on the twentieth of March, and Joseph Parker was wounded. Other depredations were also committed in the region round about.

On the nineteenth of April, 1676,—a day signalized since by the memorable conflicts of Lexington and Baltimore,—Captain Samuel Hunting and Lieutenant James Richardson, were ordered by the Governor and Council, with all dispatch, to take command of a party of English and friendly Indians, march to Pawtucket Falls, and erect fortifications against the allies of Phillip. Their instructions were as follows:—"If you meet wh the enimy you are to use yor best skill & utmost endeuer to slaye, kill & destroy ym. * * * You are wh all care to Gouvern the soldiers under yr command according to the Rules of God's word & the wholesome laws of the country & take care to punish all profanes & wickednes."*

A fort was accordingly built at Pawtucket Falls, commanded by Lieutenant Richardson. In the following month, (May, 1676), intelligence of the approach of the enemy having been received, an additional force was placed in this fort, and Captain Henchman took command. This proved an effectual check to the incursions of Phillip's party. In the following August, Phillip being slain in Skunk Swamp, the war closed, the settlers resumed their customary avocations, and the tide of population rolled on with new vigor.*

Before passing from this war, it may not be amiss to sum up briefly its results. The loss of life on the part of the Indians is unknown; but it was doubtless much greater than that of the colonists. The military operations of the whites involved the expenditure of five hundred thousand dollars. Six hundred colonists were killed. Thirteen towns, containing six hundred houses, were destroyed by fire. Both races took a savage delight in compelling their enemies, in the language of Sir Walter Scott, "to taste of the tortures which anticipate hell," and exhausted their ingenuity in devising new modes of protracting the agonies of their captives. On the one hand, a crew of savages tied a white captive to a stake, bit off his nails, tore out his hair by the roots, pulled out his tongue, gouged out his eyes, cut out pieces of his flesh and threw them into the fire, compelled him to run the gauntlet of their tomahawks, clubs and knives, and finally roasted him to death by a slow fire. On the other hand, it must be remembered, the colonists, when Phillip was slain, denied his body the decency of a burial, but cut off his head and bore it in triumph through the colony on a pole; and even seized his only son, a guileless boy of nine years, shipped him to the Bermuda Islands, and sold him as a slave. Men that are dogs may strike a balance in favor of which party they please; men that are

*Mass. Archives, vol. 63, p. 212.

*For original authorities touching King Phillip's War, see Hubbard's Indian Wars; Increase Mather's Brief History; Church's History of King Phillip's War; Mather's Magnalia, vol. 2, pp. 485–499; Callender's Historical Discourse, pp. 126–136; Grahame's Hist. U. S., vol. 1, pp. 346–351; Gookin's History of Christian Indians, 2 Am. Ant. Soc. Coll. See also Drake's History of Boston, and his Book of the Indians; Barry's History of Massachusetts, etc.

men will pronounce the conduct of both parties superlatively execrable.

WANNALANCET.

Wannalancet and the Wamesit Indians, whom we left in the northern wilderness, kept wisely aloof from the contest until the return of peace. Their final return was accomplished by intrigue. Major Waldron, who then commanded a military force at Dover, New Hampshire, contrived by diplomatic persuasion, to lure the Indians, far and near, to the number of four hundred, to engage with him in a general military muster. While performing their evolutions, they were all suddenly surrounded and taken as prisoners of war. Two hundred of them, some of whom were as innocent of hostile acts or designs against the colonists as babes unborn, were shipped to the West Indies, and in spite of the solemn remonstrance of the Apostle Eliot, sold into perpetual slavery. Among those thus trepanned by Waldron was the gentle Wannalancet, with his tribe. A number of them were falsely accused of having borne arms against the colonists; some of these were sent off and sold as slaves with other Indian captives, and the rest of the accused were publicly executed at Boston. Even one of the sons of Numphow barely escaped the gallows.

On his return from the wilderness, Wannalancet brought with him seven white captives—Phillip Eastman, and the wife and five children of Thomas Kimball, of Bradford—who had been captured by some of the adherents of Phillip—whom Wannalancet's good offices had saved from death, even after they had been condemned, and the fires twice prepared to burn them. This return of good for evil, kindness for cruelty, was the only revenge which Wannalancet ever inflicted on his persecutors.

Wannalancet, with the remains of his broken tribe, now returned to his abode at Wamesit; but he never afterward felt reconciled here; for his corn-fields had been seized by the white settlers, and the whole aspect of his affairs was changed. By order of the General Court, he and his people were placed under the guardianship of Colonel Jonathan Tyng of Dunstable, who received twenty pounds sterling per annum for keeping them; and lands were given to them on Wickasauke Island. The number thus placed at Wickasauke Falls was about ten men and fifty women and children; fifteen men and fifty women and children having been removed elsewhere and "bound out to service;"—a most ungrateful requital for their steadfast friendship to the colonists. Calling one day on the Rev. Mr. Fiske, the minister in Chelmsford, Wannalancet kindly inquired about all his old acquaintances, and particularly whether that town had suffered much during the late war. Mr. Fiske replied that the people there had not suffered much, but had been highly favored, and he thanked God for it. "Me, next," replied Wannalancet, referring to his own kind offices in defense of his white neighbors, notwithstanding they had been his persecutors.

Nor did the kind offices of Wannalancet terminate even here. In March, 1677, during the war between the French and English, he called on Captain Henchman in Chelmsford, informed him that the Mohawks, who were in league with the French against the English colonists, were up the river at Souhegan, and warned the Captain to be on his guard. By order of the Council, Lieutenant Richardson traversed the whole valley during the following season, with a scouting party, to ward off attack.

In September, 1677, Wannalancet received a visit from a party of the St. Francis Indians from Canada, accompanied by one of his brothers, who urged him to unite with them. He finally yielded to their solicitations, and with nearly all the Indians then residing here, about fifty in number, bade a final adieu to Wamesit.

In July, 1678, the treaty of Nimeguen being concluded between Charles the Second and Louis the Fourteenth, hostilities ceased, and the white settlers left their garrison houses and resumed their former abodes. The dwellers on the Merrimack

slept under the security of that treaty as calmly as the dwellers on the Thames or the Seine.

Wannalancet soon regretted the facility with which he had yielded to the solicitations of his French-Canadian friends. He returned to Pennacook, and in September, 1685, received a grant of ten pounds sterling from the Massachusetts General Court. In 1686, Wannalancet and the Indians remaining at Wamesit, Pawtucket, Nashua, Concord, Groton, Lancaster, Stow, and Dunstable, sold all their lands in those places to Jonathan Tyng and others, and retired to the fast-receding forests of the North and North-East.* Their final departure must have presented a scene not dissimilar to that pictured by Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village :"—

"Good Heavens! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away,"
etc.

In 1688 came the English Revolution, the dethronement of the Stuart Dynasty, and the accession of William, Prince of Orange. The New England Colonists, rising against their Governor, Sir Edmund Andros, warmly espoused the cause of "the immortal Deliverer." In the following year came King William's War; France and her Colonies supporting the dethroned King James; while the English Colonies, prompted alike by principle and by self-interest, fought on the side of King William. This conflict lasted nine years, and was closed by the treaty of Ryswick in 1798. The general events of this war, from its commencement to its brilliant termination, have been narrated in full by the masterly pen of Lord Macaulay, and need no recital here.

The nine years of this war were years of terror to the people of this region and of all the border settlements of New England. To prevent the settlers from surrendering to their fears, in March, 1694, the General Court enacted that if any person, having an estate of freehold in Chelmsford, Dunstable, and sundry other frontier towns, should desert the same during the war, such estate should be forfeited; and that if any male inhabitant of either of said towns, above sixteen years of age, should desert such town, he should forfeit the sum of ten pounds.*

The Indians of the region of Canada, excited by the Jesuits in league with the French, made continual attacks on the colonists of the frontiers. Forts and fortified houses were again the retreats of all such as could get into them. Garrisons were established in Amesbury, Haverhill, Billerica (including Tewksbury), Chelmsford, Dunstable, Groton, and Marlborough.†

The fort at Pawtucket Falls was occupied by a garrison commanded by Major Henchman; and mounted scouts were employed to scour the frontiers, and ward off attack. But this did not entirely save them. On the first of August, 1692, the Indians in league with the French in Canada, attacked Billerica, and killed eight of the inhabitants—Mrs. Ann Shed and two daughters, Mrs. Joanna Dutton and two daughters, and two others. On the fifth of August, 1695, they visited that part of Billerica which is now Tewksbury, and killed Mr. John Rogers and fourteen others. These attacks were planned with great secrecy and skill. It was always when the danger of assault seemed the least, that the foe, with stealthy step, actually appeared, to execute the work of death. Colonel Joseph Lynde, of Charlestown, with three hundred armed men, horse and foot, ranged all the swamps and woods of Andover, Chelmsford and Billerica, but found no trace of the foe. The hill in Belvidere called Lynde's Hill, derives its name from this Colonel Lynde, having been fortified and occupied for some time by him and his command.

We hear nothing of Wannalancet after the sale of lands before mentioned, till 1697 and 1698, at the close of King William's War, when he turns up for the last time, under the guardianship of Colonel

* See Bentley's History of Salem.

* See Mass. Archives, vol. 70, pp. 240—242.
† Ibid, p. 261.

Tyng. After this, we hear of him no more. Wandering, a stranger—if not also a prisoner—among the haunts of his infancy, and over the graves of his fathers, with the impress of hope long deferred stamped in deep furrows upon his brow, the sighing breezes of heaven, and the multitudinous voices of the river's waves, must have filled him with sad and pensive memories, falling upon his ear like voices from the spirit-land. That he lingered so long around the graves of his fathers, shows that it would have pleased him to be laid at their feet at last, and to mingle his own dust with theirs. But this was not to be. It is believed by all who have made Indian history their study, that, dissatisfied with his strange life here, he finally retired to the St. Francis tribe, and ended his days with them. The chief glory of his life was to be a true Christian, and to be ever the white man's friend. His renunciation of the rude creed of his childhood, and his refusal to join the coalition of King Phillip, lost him a majority of the old Pawtucket or Pennacook Confederacy, which chose his nephew, the brave and wary Kancamagus, or John Hogkins, as their chief,—he being in full sympathy with the young and warlike spirits of the tribe.

The portion of the tribe which followed Kancamagus, took part in all the wars of this period. On the night of the twenty-seventh of June, 1689, they attacked Dover, New Hampshire, put the commander, Waldron, to death with the most protracted tortures, burned six houses and the mills of the settlement, and captured and killed fifty-two men, women and children. They afterward became merged with the Androscoggin tribe in Maine, as those who adhered to Wannalancet became merged with the St. Francis tribe in Canada.

The Apostle Eliot did not live to see the end of this war, but passed to the world which had been the theme of his discourses, in 1690. He had the mortification to see the labors of more than forty years terminate in failure. He lived to witness the fourteen Christian towns which he had organized, reduced first to seven, and afterward to four; and even these were not long to survive. Much of his time toward the close of his life was spent in promoting education among the negroes, many of whom were now living in the colony as slaves. In his old age, he was compared to Homer's Nestor, whose lips dropped manna sweeter than honey; and his biographers point out many beautiful correspondences between him and John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

But while history must accord to Eliot the highest honors as a philanthropist, a saint, and an apostle, it cannot withhold the confession that, when compared with the missionary achievements of the Jesuits, the efforts of Eliot sink into almost perfect insignificance. About all that now remains to remind us of the labors of Eliot and his compeers, are a few copies of his Bible and other Indian books, as unintelligible as the inscriptions on the obelisk of Luxor. The works of the Jesuit fathers, on the other hand, are visible from the tropics to the poles. There is not a tribe on the whole continent, from Newfoundland to the Aleutian Islands, which has not furnished converts to the Society of Jesus. We Protestants may regret it; we may dislike to confess it; but the fact is incontestable, that as a missionary or proselyting church, the Roman Catholic Church ranks far superior to any of the heretical churches that have sprung from her prolific loins.

Nor is it difficult to account for this. The Protestant labored mainly to elevate the savage to the plane of his own civilization—a task in itself impossible. The religion which he presented consisted in abstract ideas and dogmas hard to believe and impossible to understand.—The Jesuits, on the contrary, talked little of dogma, made nothing of abstractions, and adopted, to a great extent, the Indian modes of thought and life. They initiated their simple minded recruits into the mysteries of their elaborate and beautiful symbolism; they chant-

ed in their ears *Te Deum Laudamus*, hymns to Mary, and all those glorious soul-stirring anthems which grew like blossoms out of the piety of the Catholic Church of the early ages; and the hearts of their converts throbbed and melted under the tones of this divine music; they saw the Jesuits bow down before the host and kiss the crucifix, and they bowed down before the host and kissed the crucifix too. Thus almost unconsciously, they caught the spirit of the new faith, and became, with their children, willing subjects for the baptism without which, they were assured, they must perish everlastingly.

REVENGES OF HISTORY.

The remainder of our narrative is chiefly a record of bloody revenges. We have already seen what abominable cruelties the Indians suffered from the whites. We have seen them sold into West Indian Slavery, shot down like dogs in the street at noonday, hung on trees in Boston, and burned to death in their own wigwams. The souls of the slain cried for years for redress to that God who has said, "vengeance is mine;" nor did they cry in vain. As long as the helm of this universe is held by God, and not by the Devil, such villainies as we have related can never pass unpunished.

> "The hand that slew till it could slay no more,
> Was glued to the sword-hilt with Indian gore."

But for every drop of Indian blood shed by the early settlers, the sons of those settlers were compelled to make full and fearful expiation. The record that was written in blood was wiped out in blood. Driven from the valley of the Merrimack, and from the other river-bottoms of Massachusetts, the red sons of the forest found refuge in the trackless wilds of Canada and Maine, and infused their own thirst for revenge into the tribes whom they joined. Sallying forth from these far-off forest homes, their war-whoop reverberated through the colonies for seventy years, and kept the people of the frontiers in continual consternation. Scarcely a week passed without witnessing scenes of blood and cruelty, the mere recital of which shocks the feelings, and makes the flesh creep with horror. Neither age nor sex was spared. The blood of the whites everywhere crimsoned the ground. The flames of burning dwellings reddened the midnight sky. The shrieks of captives, dying in excruciating tortures, echoed from every mountain-top; and the whole body of the colonists, like Macbeth in the tragedy, "supped full of horrors." Those in this region, though living at the time in garrisons, were not spared their share of these troubles, more especially during Queen Anne's War, which lasted from 1703 to 1713,—as the histories of Chelmsford and Dunstable, by Allen and Fox, abundantly attest. From the beginning of King Phillip's War to the close of Queen Anne's War, that is, from 1675 to 1714, the colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire alone lost not less than six thousand of their male population.* These troubles did not wholly cease till the fall of Quebec before the arms of the heroic Wolfe, and the final conquest of Canada.

CONCLUSION.

But it is time these retrospections were ended. Though some of them must shock our sense of justice, others of them bring the satisfying assurance that there is a *law of compensation* traceable through history, and that, as Tennyson beautifully says,—

> "All the while the whirligig of Time
> Is bringing its revenges.

Our narrative has unfolded many facts calculated to live in the memory, and impart new attractions to the region in which our lot is cast. No part of the earth's service is more worthy of study, for us, than that on which we live. No part can boast a history more replete with the elements of poetry and romance.

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* For a picture, drawn by a master hand, of the condition of the frontiers during this period, see Bancroft's History, vol. 2, p. 102.

What Lowell now is,—what her industry is,—what she has done for the advancement of the mechanic arts,—what she has contributed to the comfort and well-being of civilized mankind,—what her citizens have done, and are now doing, for the preservation of the unity and nationality of America,—the world well knows. If this narrative has not wholly failed of its object, it has shown that there are Indian and Pioneer memories associated with this region, not unworthy to be remembered in connection with more recent events.†

Well and truly does one of our Merrimac Valley poets say—

"Had Homer, 'stead of Argos' classic strand,
Claimed this fair valley as his native land,
How would these scenes have swarmed with noble men;
How buried heroes would have lived again!
Each lofty mountain, and each woody hill,
Each winding stream, and gently flowing rill,
Each rock and dell along this river shore,
In flowing verse would live forevermore." ‡

† For information in relation to Lowell, see Cowley's History of Lowell; Appleton's Origin of Lowell; Miles' Lowell as it was and as it is; Whittier's Stranger in Lowell; Francis' Lowell Hydraulic Experiments; Watson's Hand-Book for the Visitor to Lowell; Scoresby's American Factories and their Female Operatives; Montgomery's History of the Cotton Manufacture in America; Everett's Memoir of John Lowell; Lowell's Memoir of Patrick T. Jackson; Edson's, of Warren Colburn; Huntington's, of Elisha Bartlett, etc.

‡ William Stark's Manchester, N. H., Centennial Poem (1851), in Potter's Manchester, p. 80.

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